Up The Ante

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Up The Ante

by TigerPrawn

Summary

for #SummertimeSlick prompt: Popsicles

Prompt:
After the fall - Alpha Hannibal and Omega Will have been enjoying the sun and fun in blahville but lately Will has been getting restless. With his heat approaching, and he knows it's going to be hellish, he decides he wants to have a little fun on this week's date night. So Will, knowing that Hannibal considers himself an excellent poker player, challenges him to a night of poker. At first Hannibal turns him down saying that it would be too boring and that he wouldn't want to hurt Will's feelings by winning all night. Will decides to up the ante by making it strip poker, to which Hannibal cannot resist. Unbeknownst to Hannibal, Will has been practicing at online poker. Date night rolls around, clothes begin to drop and by the end of the night it may even get hotter!

Will tossed and turned uncomfortably, the damp sheets twisting around him and the body heat of Hannibal sleeping next to him was almost unbearable. It would likely be only another week at most before he went into heat, and his body was already showing the signs. It didn't help that this middle of nowhere town seemed to be located on the surface of the sun.

It had looked like a good option when they had found it, they were healed and well and newly bonded. Any place might have seemed good through that honeymoon haze. There was enough going on in the little town to make it enjoyable, but then summer hit and Will was ready to dig a pit in the yard for a pool with his bare hands if he had to.

He rolled again, closer to Hannibal, which was a mistake. The alpha reached out in his sleep, sensing the movement, and pulled Will to his chest. Any comfort he might have found was belayed by the burn of their skin touching. It was barely dawn and the room was already so hot that Hannibal's presence felt stifling.

Will shrugged him off with a groan and got out of the bed, tired and achey.

He was stood in the kitchen, bleary-eyed and nursing a coffee when Hannibal joined him an hour later.

"You're up early." The alpha murmured against his skin as he nuzzled into his neck from behind. Hannibal took in his scent and would have realised the closeness of his heat.

Even so, when Will huffed and shrugged Hannibal off, Hannibal froze for a moment and then continued. He always seemed to have that moment of insecurity any time Will pushed him away, even after all this time and his knowledge that Will was just a grouchy asshole sometimes.

"Tomorrow is date night, we can reschedule-" Hannibal started as he moved towards the coffee machine.

"No!" Will hated the thought of them having to change plans around his oncoming heat, but more than that he had been planning for this date night for a while and it seemed all the more fitting with the hot weather. "Maybe we can stay in though? A light dinner and some card games? Just to keep my brain ticking over in this heat."

Hannibal quirked an eyebrow at that. They rarely played *those* kinds of games. And last time they had played cards he had beaten Will so badly that he had sulked so much Hannibal refused to play again.

Will could see he was about to decline, so he turned on the puppy eyes he knew Hannibal couldn't resist. "Please alpha." He hid the smile that wanted to grow as he saw Hannibal shudder at the words. "I promise I won't be a sore loser this time. In fact… let's make it interesting."

“Interesting?” Hannibal’s brows shot to his hairline, clearly still affected by the alpha comment and the scent of Will so close to heat. Any lack of composure was gone within a moment. “Will, it isn’t interesting for me to win all night and then watch you sulk.”

“Not even if we up the ante?” Will moved forward, taking Hannibal’s coffee cup and setting it back down so he could press the length of his body against Hannibal’s. Both their cocks were stirring and Will did allow a smile at that.

“Up the ante in what way?” Hannibal’s voice was thick with lust, though his face was still a mask of calm.

“Strip poker?” Will shrugged as though it wasn’t important.

Hannibal growled and nuzzled into his neck. “Yes…” he breathed out the word and Will pulled away.

“Great. I’ll go get groceries.” He left the room to sounds of his alpha whimpering.

*

The meal was a selection of Italian finger foods, meats and breads and cheeses that were filling despite the small and exquisitely presented proportions.

Hannibal didn’t resist when Will moved closer to him and started feeding him. Will teased a little and ended with Hannibal grabbing his hand and taking the offered meat before sucking and licking Will’s fingers clean.

“Now, now, you’re not going to put me off the poker you know.” Will laughed despite heat rising through his body. The look in Hannibal’s eyes was predatory in a way he rarely saw outside of a hunt.

They left some of the food out as snacks when the table was mostly cleared to allow for the poker game.

Hannibal shuffled and dealt without taking his eyes off of Will and the gaze alone was enough to turn Will on. Something was different about Hannibal, he wasn’t as controlled as usual - his lust was clearly slipping through already when usually that didn’t happen until he was much closer to being completely undone. It made Will hard just to watch him.

Will felt suddenly foolish as he made a realisation. “Is this your strategy? You’re trying to put me off my game by being so openly lustful? Well, I’m resolved not to be affected.” Will laughed despite the fact that he was completely affected and could feel the desire already pooling and the butterflies in his stomach.

Hannibal looked confused for a moment and then a little resolve slipped into place, though still not his usual person suit. Neither of them said anything though Will was grateful that Hannibal was reining it in a little. At this rate he’d send Will into an early heat.

*

Several hands in and Hannibal was minus his shirt, Will was minus everything but his underwear.

This wasn't what Will had planned. He had spent weeks improving his poker skills in online games and tutorials, he'd even won a load of money on one site which he was yet to cash out. He *knew* he could beat Hannibal. In fact, he took pleasure in winning the first hand against his surprised and pompous mate. But then… maybe it was the omega instincts, maybe it was the heat and his desire to have fewer layers… he kept losing. And losing. And Hannibal kept looking at him like he was a fucking meal he wanted to devour.

Will had spent the last two hands completely hard and leaking slick.

Hannibal could scent it as well as he could scent Hannibal's arousal and yet they continued as though nothing out of the ordinary was happening.

The next hand Will won, but only because Hannibal allowed it. Which was maddening, because he could have won by his own skill and merit if he could just remain focused. Instead he watched as his alpha removed his trousers, his erection prominent and leaking through the material of his boxers.

Will had to bite back a whimper as Hannibal sat back down and a fresh wave of slick flowed from him.

This was not what he had planned. He had planned to win. He had planned to get Hannibal naked and then fuck so hard that he would be the most grateful loser on the face of the earth. But now…

Hannibal's pupils were blown and his jaw was clenched tight as though he were only just holding it together.

Will lost the next hand and removed his last piece of clothing - his boxers.

"What now?" He asked Hannibal. "You've won."

"Another round." Hannibal said, it wasn't a question. The lust in his eyes was almost terrifying. Will silently nodded.

"But if I lose…"

"I will help you cool down." Hannibal's voice was rough. "Isn't that what this is about? It's too hot to wear clothes." He sounded slightly disoriented though not confused. He seemed very certain of his words.

Was that what this was? Will had lost sight of everything. All he knew was that he wanted Hannibal to win the next hand. Which he did in short measure.

"And now?" Will asked, chest heaving with anticipation.

Hannibal stood and picked Will up from his chair, wrapping the omega's legs around him. He was surprised when instead of the bedroom, Hannibal carried him to the kitchen.

He sat Will on the edge of the kitchen counter before kissing him deeply. They'd never fucked in the kitchen, but with the cool marble surface beneath him, Will couldn't think of anything better in that moment.

But then Hannibal pulled away and went to the freezer. When he returned he held in his hand a frozen wedge of lime that they used for drink garnishes and ice all in one. He ran it over Will's lips for a moment, allowing the citrus to melt a little before running it down Will's chest and around one of his nipples. Will arched back with a groan and Hannibal used the movement to turn the omega and lay him down so that he was on his back, knees bent over the edge as he stretched out along the counter and Hannibal continued to journey the lime over him, following it with the heat of his tongue.

Will groaned and writhed. His cock twitched at the responding guttural sounds from Hannibal's throat, that he'd never heard before and turned him on so completely.

"More…" Will moaned. "So hot." Despite the icy coolness of the lime he could feel his body becoming more flushed. Heating through as slick pooled on the kitchen counter.

Hannibal growled as he pulled away and returned the the freezer. Will's eyes were closed against the sweat running down from his brow as more ice hit his skin. Something long now, this time working it's way up from his nipple and into his mouth. A popsicle. Will moaned around it as Hannibal worked it in and out of his mouth.

He could hear Hannibal panting and grunting as he ran the popsicle slowly down from Will's mouth, over his chest and to his cock. It was an exquisite pain as the cold burn met sensitive and aching flesh. But it was only brief as the popsicle continued down.

Will instinctively moved his legs, bending at the knee and planting his feet on the counter, lifting his hips just as Hannibal pushed the popsicle inside him.

His whole body jolted and he cried out as Hannibal began to work the icy phallus in and out, fucking him with it as the alpha caught the mix of melting popsicle and slick on his tongue. He fucked him hard and fast, as Will's heat melted the popsicle, until finally Hannibal pulled out little more than a wooden stick, dropping it to the floor and replacing it with his tongue. Licking and sucking at Will's ice numbed hole until Will came messily all over his chest and stomach, writhing and groaning.

Hannibal grabbed him then, pulling him from the counter with a growl and carrying him to the bedroom. He wasn't gentle as he dropped Will to the bed, shoving him to his belly and dragging him back by the hips before he impaled him on his rock hard cock.

Will cried out as Hannibal fucked into him. Time lost all meaning as his alpha took from him in a way he never had before. Will felt used in the best kind of way, he wanted this. Hannibal was never like this - always soft and gentle and near tentative. This was rough and hard, fingers digging into the meat of his hips as Hannibal rutted into him.

Hannibal panted and growled in a way that Will had never heard before, all pretence of control gone. Will was being fucked by that beast that lay within Hannibal and so rarely came

out to play. The thought had him cumming again, he hadn't even realised he'd become hard again until his cum was coating the bed beneath him.

His whole body was dripping with sweat and he realised then he was going into heat. Likely before Hannibal knotted him he would be lost to it, it was coming on him hard and fast and early as his body responded to Hannibal's rut.

Fuck!

The truth of it descended on Will. He had driven Hannibal into rut. For the first time their rut and heat were going to line up.

"Oh god." Will cried, sobbing as Hannibal roughly pushed his knot into Will's punished hole. "Alpha" Will screamed as he looked back over his shoulder at Hannibal's dark expression and blown pupils.

He had invited the beast out to play and this was just the beginning. Will groaned, cumming again as Hannibal thrust through his own orgasm - cumming with a jerk and growl inside his omega.

"Yes alpha, please…" the words left Will with little thought, his mind already blurring. He tried to hold onto a small slice of control. He wanted to remember this. When they emerged from this conjoined haze in a few days time, he wanted to remember being fucked by the beast. He wanted to remember his own desires and needs being fulfilled by the true Hannibal behind that person suit. His Il Mostro.

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